



Third Quarter: MMXXI

The Saturnalia Oracle



The Situation is Excellent

Vol. Ø

(A) THEATER OF THE COMMON MAN

FADE IN - The requirement for accumulation is such that number seems the only concept commensurate to the task. But this is expressive of an exigency seemingly without ethical urgency - an exigency without exigency, as it were. For one must rely upon statist regimes of justification to undergird and shield these quantities in their claim to engender and encompass social exchange. It thus seems that quantity (or its lack) must be registered nominatively, in aesthetic demonstration. What is necessary is effectively a conflation of cult and exhibition value: value, in its sacred dimension must be simultaneously internalized, becoming an immanent facet of the composition of humankind, while at the same time it must be made manifest - presented as a divine emergence. But how is this emergence, as divine, registered and verified as such (and, in appearing - in registration - is it thus not divine, but rather divine)? The vanished (vanishing) mediator is a word - a law: art. Art is that FACT radiant enough, morally circulative enough, to crystallize the transcendence of value. Thus, it is never commodity, but rather currency. It is the flow of meaning: and only through perpetual performance can it be rendered perceptible. But don't worry: you are (not necessarily) required for this process.

ACCORDINGLY

Seek inward, ye commoners, and rejoice! For that truth that cannot be seen, that wholeness that cannot be grasped, is inscribed within you. And without, this hidden divinity is confirmed in the dance of MATTER you see - that you have always (already) seen. Having seen it, indeed, having FELT it, always and already, there is no further NEED to trouble yourselves.



OUT ONE EAR AND OUT THE OTHER

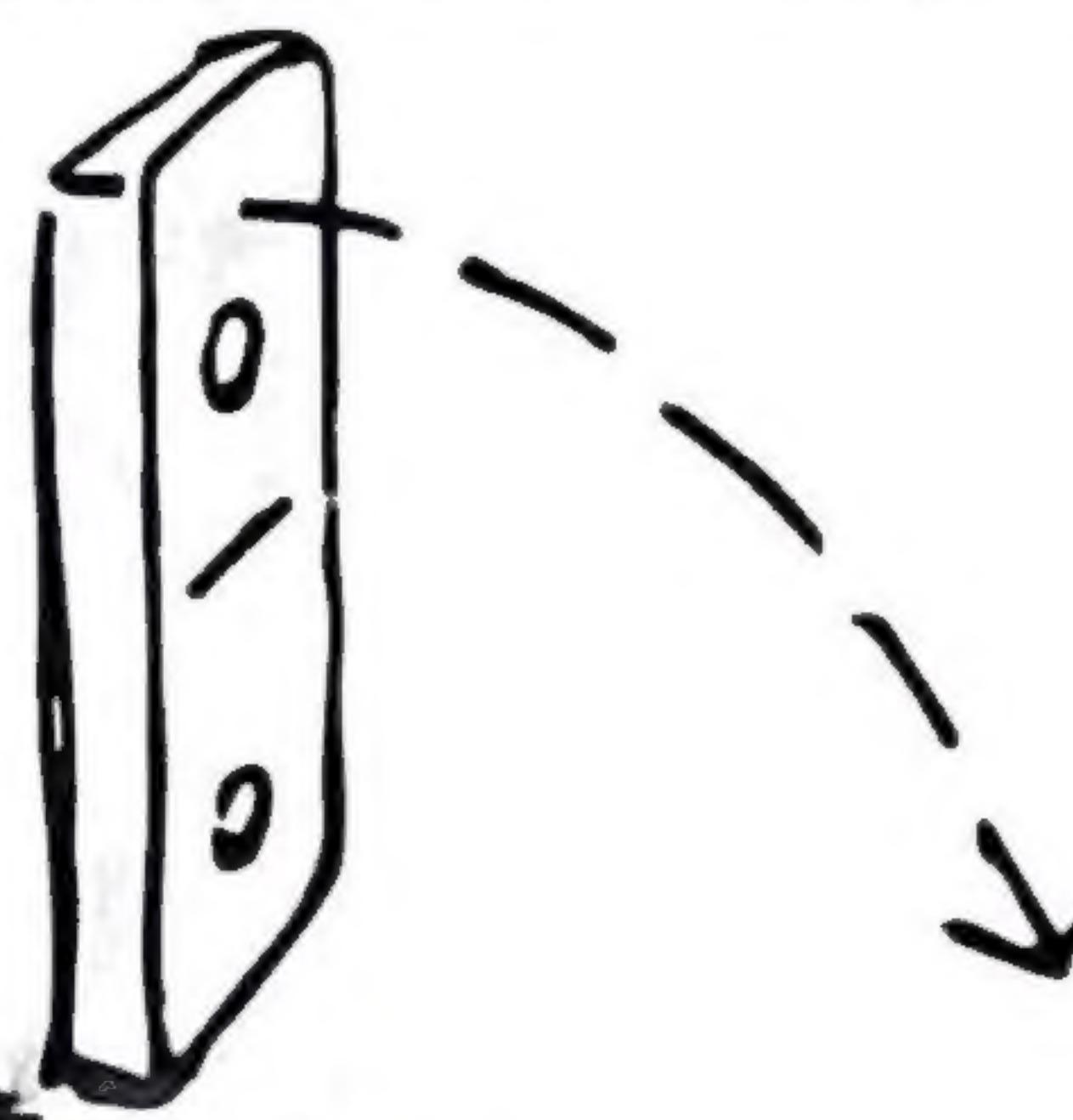


Why me, Charlie?

*EDITORIAL WARNING

This publication © Rollin Beamish, who bears sole responsibility for any misrepresentation and mutilation of the ideas, imagery, or language herein contained.

- Rollin Beamish 2021



When our better angels are beyond reach in a future that has already been foreclosed, a forced wager is the only recourse.

DO NOT READ!

Lede buried under "mountain of pseudo-intellectual gibberish."

NOWHERE, U.S.A. - Readers that forge ahead despite fair warning* will be assaulted with an abundance of false starts and a surfeit of piecemeal asides through which the perpetrator of these fictions will fail to come to the point. In other words, in no way will this text actually and meaningfully justify what is on view. With such niceties having been paid due lip-service, the basic impetus for this work was a reflection on the ever revolving and regenerating cast of characters who seem to emerge again and again within elite circles of U.S. business and politics. It was reported in the summer of 2019 that U.S. President Donald J. Trump had called off an Air Force raid on Iranian targets in the Persian Gulf literally 10 minutes before they were about to strike their targets. At that point, a noted man on the street was observed remarking, "Jesus, these fuckers are trying to eat the future". It was a thought that reverberated throughout the halls of nowhere in particular.

Of course, the notion of devouring the future can be readily compared with the story of Kronos, and this along with similar figures from Greek myth served as allegorical touchstones for the images (despite being named after their Roman counterparts; more on this below). It was clear just how much President Trump's last-minute decision must have enraged his National Security Advisor at the time, John Bolton, since the latter never met a war he didn't like; a man who moreover had been agitating for war with Iran since the 1980s. It seemed desirable, in short, to draw a picture of someone like Bolton without having to actually draw him, and so, with the figure of Kronos in mind, the decision was instead made to cobble together a monster out of snippets of a wide range of stultifying assholes and vampires, from Bolton himself to David Koch (who we may suppose is nicely roasting in hell), Sheldon Adelson, Bernard Arnault, Betsy DeVos, and a slight symbolic nod at Jordan Peterson's "theory" of social hierarchies in nature. The work was titled "post-human (Saturn)" using the Roman name (and hopefully in honor of Goya's famous late work).

While this was the first and most disaggregated grouping of such human trash, it nevertheless suggested a process for attempting to lampoon some of the "timeless" institutions that plague the US unconscious for the worse. Thus far, these have included the U.S. Supreme Court ["post-human (Necessitas)"], the U.S. Senate ["post-human (Nox)"], and most recently so-called "fin-tech" morons, with their concomitant techno-futurism and the style of progress via technology and monopoly capitalist "entrepreneurship" that has been both the fuel and symbolic weapon of the most brutal expressions of American Empire ["post-human (Arges)"] - "post-human (Pseudo-Moneta)"]. In the former, the attempt was made to invert the famous dictum "sicut iustitia et pereat mundus" - let

justice be done or the world perish - to that of the vulgar Google Neo-Latinism "pereat mundus et ego vivere" - perish the world, that I may live. A sentiment like this seems to be the actual motto of the power elite, in these times more than ever.

Indeed, it is worthwhile to dwell for a moment on the many bastardized symbolic and graphic Google-translate generated "quasi-Latinisms" used throughout the works. There is a certain pride of place bestowed upon these idiot phrases, both for the basic impetus and content of the compositions, but also for the fact that they are almost assuredly off-base grammatically. After all, Latin is well and truly dead. Instead, it is hoped that these mottos might evoke the aping of Imperial Rome in form and grandeur that so besotted the United States' sainted "founding fathers" (as well as other imperial aspirants, like the Third Reich). This is the reason the titles bear the Roman names for Greek figures. It seemed appropriate to consider imperialist delusions of grandeur in the "voice"

of a moronic babel produced by an algorithm. Indeed, the crazed masonic symbolism of those heady days of revolution and political alchemy are also extremely redolent of the crackpot mythologies of other "underground" groups, from the Thule Gesellschaft to the QAnon conspiracy.

Though this work certainly satirizes the process by which the apperception of many institutions cements them as august, *sui generis*, self-evident structures, it must nevertheless be emphasized that there is a desirable - indeed, necessary - spiritual (read: metaphysical) dimension to any social and legal institution. In short, the manner of belief and respect that is held towards such institutions is valuable, even laudable, despite the fact that they are never truly "objective" but instead must be reified. To be aware of the necessity of this process but to commit oneself nonetheless to its quixotic logic is to extol the virtue of faith within a community. However, the refusal to accept the ahistorical mirage of these claims is to potentially enable a processual adjudication on the nature of institutional power, one based on much more on their merit in embodying the principles out of which they were dreamed into existence.

The awareness of the necessity of symbolic efficacy to the stability of any institution is an invitation to view the stated principles of its organization against its history, the established record of its activity and achievement. If an institution is found wanting in this regard, the pressure toward its abolition or fundamental restructuring begins to mount, while if left to perpetuate in its debased state, its continued symbolic efficacy becomes both tyrannical and absurd. This is the incongruity of the rational so perspicuously and presciently observed by Franz Kafka and is what is meant by the term "Kafkaesque". How we ultimately respond to his warning remains to be seen.

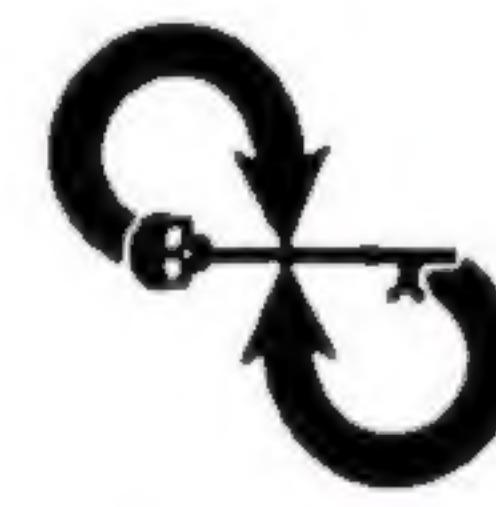
CONSUME!

Partake in That Most Solemn Duty, the Root and Branch of Mutual Experience - YEA! the Very Substance of Truth!

AT THE PRECIPICE - To walk upon on the ground, traversing breadth, atmosphere, pressure, and sound. To feel the weather on one's face, to experience the rhythm of breath and pace, to discover existence beyond one's own skin. What is all this to the glory of a singular flow? The rudeness of materiality impedes necessary speed - a speed beyond thought. The a priori of an ahistorical and amorphous aleatory aeonic advantage advocates the algorithms that contour a horizon of being. But even being must be subsumed to the flow, submerged beneath these waters. Life, loss, matter: it is all a river. The nominative is of past significance, hence all names can be forgotten in comfort and safety. Oblivion is not a name, nor can it be summarized with one.

*pereat mundus
et ego vivere*

Terror, like capital, abides no limit.



A FATE MOST VILE

And (Probably) Inescapable?

IN THE TRENCHES - It might prove fruitful to return, yet again (and eternally), to Freud's arguably most paranoid (or fevered) metaphysical suggestion, teased at in *Jenseits des Lustprinzips*, and again looming like pall in *Unbehagen in der Kultur*: that the destiny of human desire is indelibly fixed upon a return to the most base and "original" form of life. Civilization, at first seemingly organized primarily to stave off this "death instinct", instead seems perhaps more inclined to further it much more absolutely, if examined at scale and across history. To wit, our trajectory towards the sweeping dissolution of the capacity for our own "higher" form of animal life to persist within the critical zone of earth's biosphere may indeed be the most impactful legacy of civilization's advance. If this is to be the case, then the perverse dreams of a few bourgeois European men may signal simultaneously the apex and nadir of "the Enlightenment" - and, it would seem, of humankind as well. One would suppose that the task of wresting a renewed destiny from between the rictus teeth of such an undead vision might lie with any who have the courage to form a new "horizon" for universality. For, as one other mercury-poisoned, possibly syphilitic European paranoid once ventriloquized, "Man must be surpassed."

LOVE, LABOR, LOST

Paranoid "Lumpenization"



IN THE CHURN - With facts being merely oblique indices of truth, and representation being altogether suspect, each (against all) are primed to submit to the DANCE and PLAY of narrative; the lull of voices and the shifting temperature of emotions. But where are the subjects? To whom is spoken? About whom is spoken? To what POWER must what FEALTY be paid in preserving the STAGE upon which intelligibility is guaranteed? There are shadows, most assuredly, and the heaviest chains are likely also the most comfortable. Those (un)worthies who fall away from the outer edge of this flat earth: *must* they be none other than ourselves? This being-as-falling-away...who isn't used to it by now? It is above all to the "blessed", divested of all inheritance, that prayers for CHANGE are directed. This Promethean "gift" (of labor) is at once deeply intrinsic and yet highly vulnerable. It is thus worth remarking on the fact that its bearers are viciously disciplined, exploited, and displaced.

The call - often a spurious paean - to recognize the (non)site of our (un)collective work as the fulcrum with which the iron walls of institutions may be toppled, is muted within the wilderness of lumpen disaggregation. The infinity of our labor, however piecemeal, channels a solipsist exhaustion as we pursue our necessary, degenerative renewal. The shadows outside of our screen-based ideology can barely register as beings of fellow-feeling, and are instead shunted into ready taxonomies of character that are able to disclose nothing and form no recourse to communication, let alone politics or power.

What is required is a *work* around which these monadic fictions can coalesce. Call it what you will: the means of production, a worthwhile institution, a significant piece of art. Regardless, one must not simply be *thrown* into co-being with such a work, rather, its histor(ies) must be in some way disclosed. In other words, the circular churn of infinity needs angles - points of rest and renewal. But this rest itself presupposes a renewal through which the lion's share of the product for the laborer is something other than exhaustion; where reflection on what is disclosed through work can take place; and finally, where the "eating" of the "rich" - or the repossession for redistribution of the fruits of regenerative labor - does not occur simply as a result of forgetfulness and blind apathy; lest the relation of consumption become literal, like in the fictions of H.G. Wells. This last outcome seems highly unlikely, given the capacity for regeneration in the delicate "critical zone" that has always been the only envelope for all our histories - and thus, it would seem, for the very possibility of history - will be long exhausted before such a (d)evolution can occur. Much like Freud's neurotic and paranoid nightmares suggested, our fate would seem to lie "beyond the pleasure principle". The thrumming, mono cellular homeostasis obliquely alluded to in that famous paper may ultimately be the only "soup" that can soothe our violent and turbulent souls.

Necessitas

BEFORE THE LAW

From a fool's library, by virtue of tautology.

IN THE BALANCE - Before the law, can equality between subjects be guaranteed? What determines subjectivity in the first place? Precisely at the site of the subject is an excision, an abstraction made to institute the rationcination of taxonomies and order; the not-all of one *vis a vis* the other. As such, the site of the subject must be canceled at the exact moment of its realization; a can kicked down the road, as it were. Where does this road lead? The question of a destination, like the reality of value, is lent real substance through the miracle of faith. This "place" beyond the horizon of any community is what

Thomas More called Utopia, but therein lies his joke: because the word "Utopia" (ou-topia - οὐ-topία, ia), is homonymic with "Eutopia" (eu-topos - εὐ-topία); the latter meaning a "good place" while the former simply means "no place". The universal is thus a fiction, the reality of which is demonstrated primarily through the disturbing presence(s) of the not-all - the exception. Their (our) bodies supply the *matter* from which the "universe" must be excavated.

Thus, the road toward a just universality is littered with - indeed, built upon - the lives of countless millions. It is almost as if this repository of forgotten dead is withdrawn and consumed in the "engine" of Enlightenment in a manner as destructive and perverse as the extraction of so-called fossil fuels, themselves a record of a cataclysm that even we are incapable of comprehending. And yet, is not a processual universality the only possible framework for justice? If so, the very "bedrock" of justice, it would

seem, is predicated upon a certain invisibility; its "loam" nourished by the exception of the dispossessed. Despite calls for transparency under the law, a kind of disavowal without forgiveness or expiation (for the perpetrators) may be required, at least at some level, to allow for co-habitation without slaughter (of the perpetrators). Such a disavowal might be the "truth" of the vision of justice in times to come.

For now, however, the de facto "blindness" of justice typically thought of as the mandate of an even-handed judiciary is nevertheless a fiction spun from casuistry all too similar to the subjective agency afforded to "actors" who "meet" in the market. In the latter instance,

the histories of these protagonists leading up to their meeting are all but occluded in favor of their mere physical presence, or their appearance via suitable proxy. Not all are so fortunate as to be able to demand some form of recognition within the field of the nomos; some have no "speech" with which to even stand and be recognized. However, what is presented in this forum is never "all", which is a signal requirement of the law in order to render the superfluous fecundity of "what happened" commensurable with what may be officially designated as having meaning. The sheer volume of all that has been unrepresentable or unutterable BEFORE

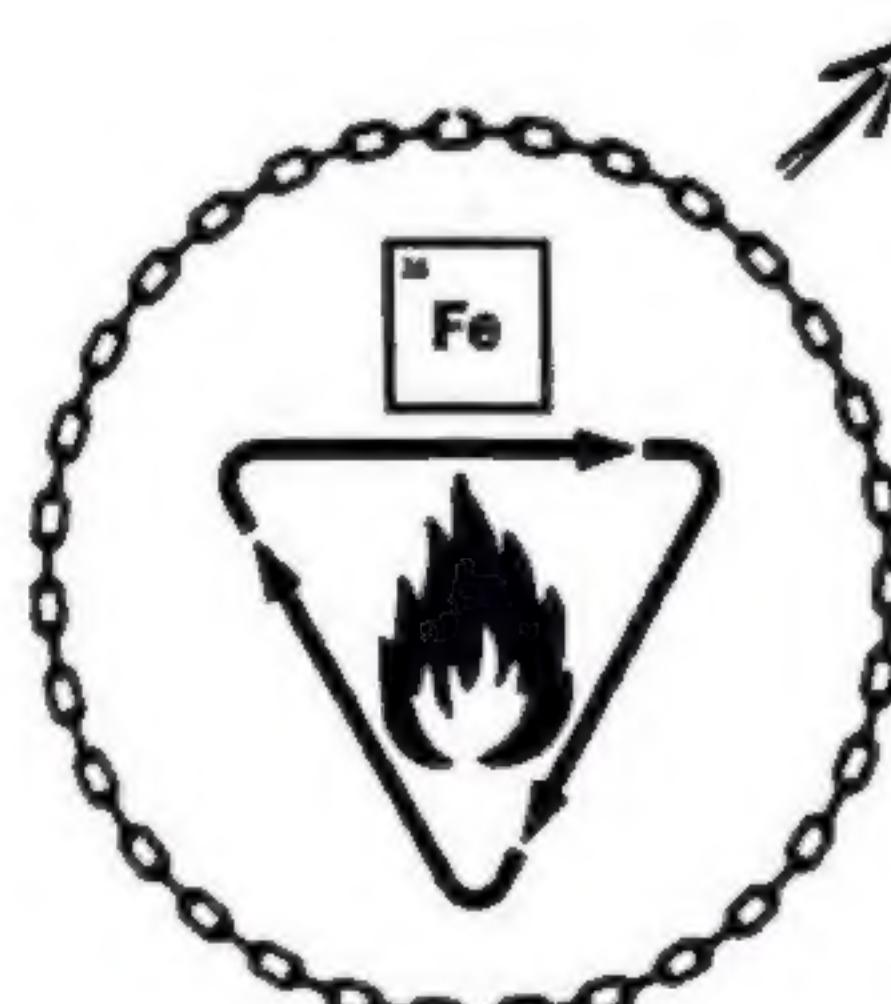
THE LAW would deafen the ears of God and fill a thousand, thousand, thousand histories.

A GAME OF VERITY

Pigs are satisfactorily squealing in their unceasing, ahistorical congress, while parasites, bloated, drink deep all that is yielded in the war of each against all. Thus are competition and community rendered synonymous - and readily glorified by expressions both abject and exalted.

(UTOPIA)

"Au"



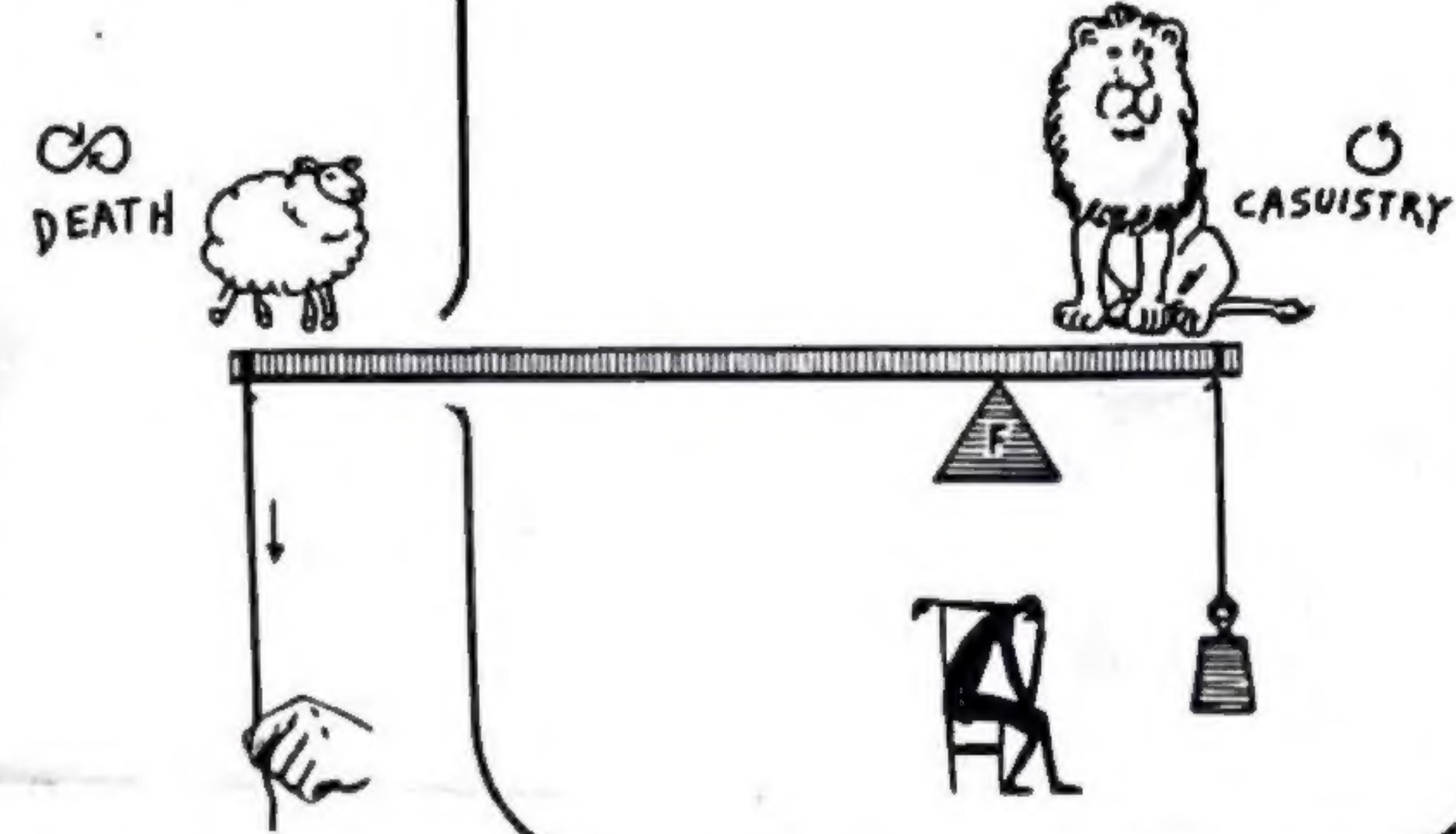
Allayed souls and the infinity of renewal-in-decay



Wait unheedful, ye Wretches, ye Meek; as solid as mist! Watch unhearing as capricious prejudice is translated into the impenetrable sign of the spheres:

"...what will be has been ever, already foretold...."

Thus is the freight of my speech. My only offspring are born of the circulation of my words. The obscenity that is my ever ailing body is replenished by dredging the sluice trough of my own utterances. In this, I am the inevitability that comforts the mighty in blessed stagnation. Otherwise known as a "just" exercise of power, the limitless safeguarding of the Origin, that myth about which I ceaselessly mutter, is sown in pathetic fragility beneath a loam of mere circumstance. It is the clenched mouth of an axiom that mutely obstructs any appeal for succor.



NON PLUS ULTRA

Loose ends and beyond (or not).

NO FURTHER - Between everyone and everywhere; between anywhere and anyone, there remains much to be said. In all earnestness there really *needs* to be something to say. If nothing remains to be said, how is what remains actually remaining at all? I wouldn't be me, and Bucephalus wouldn't be Bucephalus, and we (by which I mean *me*) can't have that, because then there would be no story. Such floating around (not)space and (non)sense would set our heads spinning, and all this pulling to and fro wouldn't really be pulling at all, would it? Still, it also means that all this pulling of me or you, of anyone, of everyone, can (should maybe?) be a struggle for a where that is not where yet - not here, not yet. In the (loose) end, something remains to be said.



MS (with Bucephalus)



GOOD GAME!

The wisdom of intimidation under the cover of law.

THE CAPITOL - since both the upper and lower houses of the U.S. congress have by all appearances offloaded their legislative responsibilities to the Supreme Court, an anxious polity is left to speculate: what the hell actually happens under that dome, anyway? Pierre Klossowski, in his books *Living Currency* and *Sade*, *My Neighbor* posits that the depravities and perversions enumerated in the narratives written by the Marquis de Sade expressed the contradictory "truth" of value formation in the Bourgeois worldview. In short, since this perspective no longer apparently ascribed to divine hierarchy and extrinsically *endowed* rights, but rather valorized the individual "rights of man" in order at first to obfuscate the private appropriation of wealth and power and then to justify this possession as the result of individual effort and achievement, the so-called "depravities" expressed by de Sade were in actuality the unalloyed control appropriated by some (the few) over the life force of others (the many). This reading of de Sade as a proto-Marxian led Klossowski to enumerate a theory of "living currency" whereby actual currency would instead be displaced into access to the bodies of others (especially the young). This radical and disturbing claim about the source and destiny of all value-as-currency finds analogous expression in various crackpot conspiracies, some of which - like QAnon - are seeing increasingly widespread circulation. More alarming still is the kernel of "truth" in these conspiracies regarding control over the lives and bodies of others. Indeed, most of us know that our own lives and agency are in no small way foreclosed upon, and that an elite class benefits in this "absorption" of our "life energy". In returning to the initial question above, what does happen in inside that dome if the "people's business" of legislation has been turned aside? Since the churn of the Beltway lobbying apparatus siphons a stunning level of investment from powerful interests while the poor and disenfranchised in this country and elsewhere increasingly suffer, what manner of dionysian demonstration does the theater of "governance" present? Stated glibly, Mitch McConnell's odd resemblance to the "Pale Man" creature that appears in Guillermo del Toro's film *Pan's Labyrinth* is chilling and more than superficial.

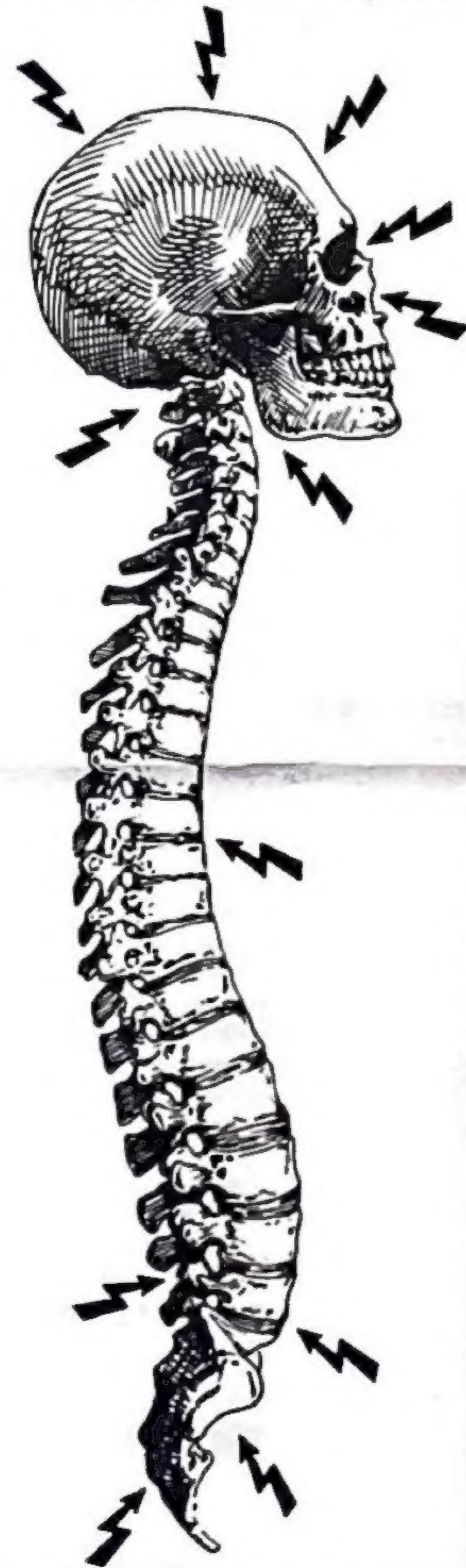


BONUS LUDUS!

NON COMPOS MENTIS?

Et Populus Non Curat.

IN THE CAGE - So it would seem, at any rate. As the halls of leadership echo with the gibbering of the moron or the flimflam man, the tolerance exhibited by "the people" toward a this behavior, a widespread criminality the viciousness and mendacity of which must now only be described as suicidal, suggests either an utmost stoicism or total idiocy. Or perhaps it simply the echoes the resignation of a beast of burden - totally broken.

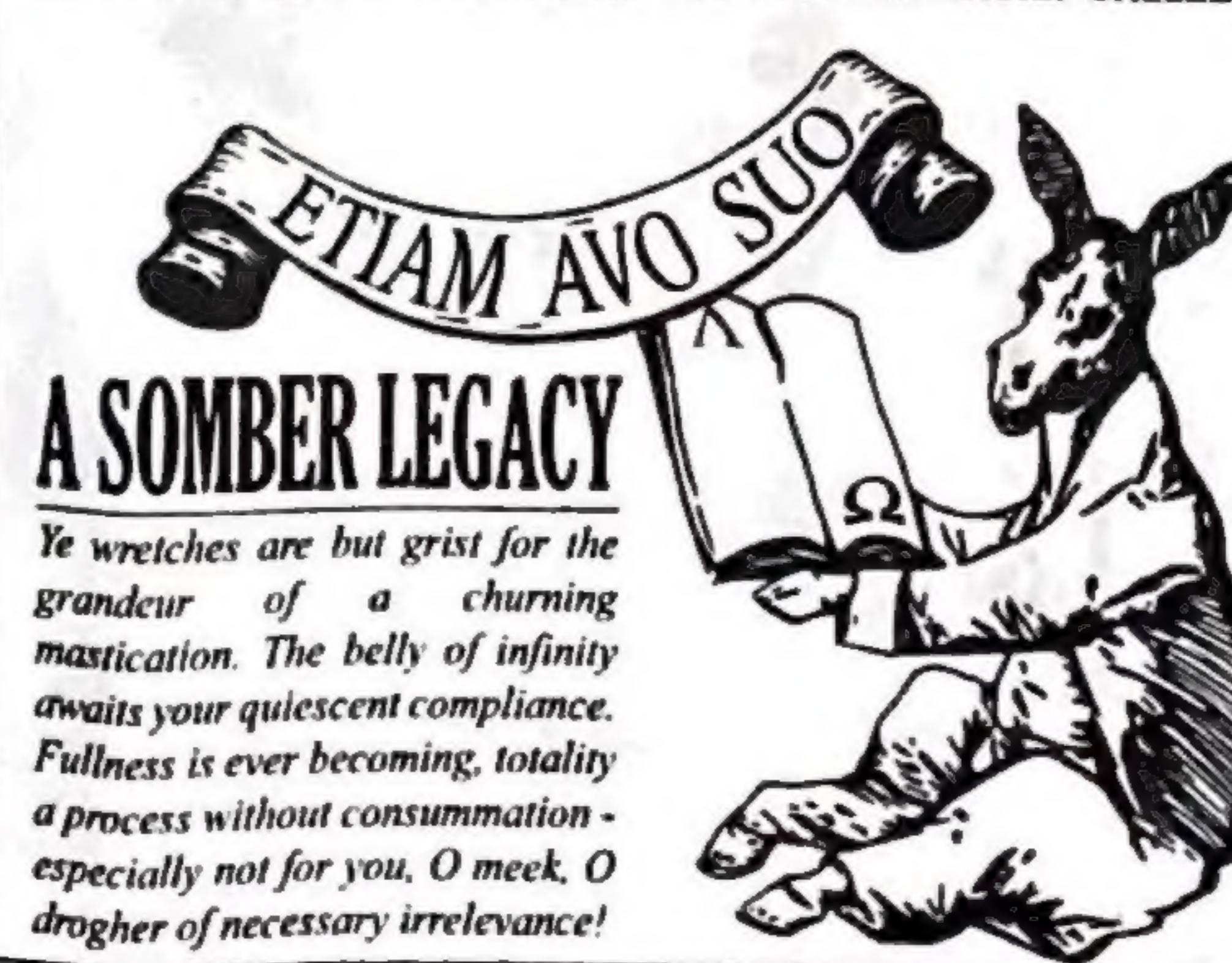


THE MANDATE IS TO DEFEND THE CIRCUMLOCUTION OF ENFEEBLED DISCOURSE; FAILURE WOULD BELIE THE CRUX OF THE FLOW - THE VITAL BREATH OF UNDEATH!

DOMINION OVER PROPERTY IS THE ULTIMATE SEAL OF LEGITIMACY; THIS STATE OF PRIMACY MUST APPEAR IMMANENT. IT SHALL REMAIN (UN)KNOWN THAT DEMOCRACY IS THE WISEST TOOL OF OLIGARCHY, AND HATRED OF IT RUNS DEEP; IT IS THE CLOAK OF NESSUS THAT MUST BE BORNE UNTO DEATH. BUT RESURRECTION IS FORTHCOMING TO THE CHOSEN! MAY IT PERSIST THAT AILING BREATH BE REVIVIFIED IN THE OASIS OF SOLEMN AND DIGNIFIED ESTATE, WHOSE HALLOWED HALLS WERE ERECTED BY (AND TO SPITE) THE BLOOD AND TERROR OF FORGOTTEN MILLIONS. THIS IS THE SACRED BULWARK SHELTERING THE ANOINTED FROM THE CORRUPTION OF INNOVATION; THE PERMANENCE OF POWER REIFIED. THESE TRUTHS MUST NEVER APPEAR SELF-EVIDENT.

IN THE COOL EMBRACE OF THIS TOMB, LET IT BE FOREVER FORGOTTEN THAT MY ENEMY AND MYSELF ARE ONE, SO THAT THE DRAMA THAT UNFOLDS EVINCES LABORS THAT ARE NONE.

WITH PLAYERS SO ASSEMBLED THE GAME IS EASILY CALLED.



THE HOUSE ALWAYS WINS!

The Right of Ownership Over Land by the Power of Doubt.

DER URSPRUNG - The extent to which the question of so-called primitive accumulation has been occluded in the everyday consciousness of a citizenry that believes itself to be politically represented through democracy is so normalized that its political omission is akin to the elision of the final 'b' in the word bomb - its obviousness is there for all to see who care to look, and yet its presence generally goes unremarked in the action of society. The embarrassment of this obviousness makes it seem as if we live by the spoken word alone. The immediacy of the NOW trumps all assertions of history, to the extent that we are easily duped into doubting everything but what little tangible "evidence" accompanies the limited expressions of our own beliefs.

PALTRY APHORISMS

Something Learned, Not Explained?

YOUR DAD'S HOUSE - The case is often made that the simple explication of ideas to an audience is no substitute for reflection and internalization. Thus, active engagement with a problem often resonates far more powerfully than passively absorbing didactic instruction. Still, that's no excuse for trying to position oneself as some kind of third-rate Nietzsche or pseudo-Adorno in the attempt to "package" what are in all likelihood extremely basic concepts using stylistically grandiose and turgid prose. Far better to speak plainly! The one possible defense for this obscurantist behavior - that this manner of writing is a style of working-as-thinking in the attempt to avoid objectivizing inchoate and metaphysical procedures into a falsely concretized mirage - is the laziest possible excuse for refusing to do any real work. Go back to your video games, nerds! Give up and join the working week like the rest of civilized humanity.

Note: Some readers of this opinion piece may worry that a similar contention might be made regarding legal or juridical terminology, and that the thoroughness and rigor of such utterances are a form of soft gate-keeping in the assertion of class dominance. We want to assure readers that this is in no way the case, and that their official caretakers always have their best interests at heart.

EX PRIMITIVA CUMULUS

Arges

OPERIBUS SPERVERSIS

PRIMORDIAL PAROKYSM



end user license agreement

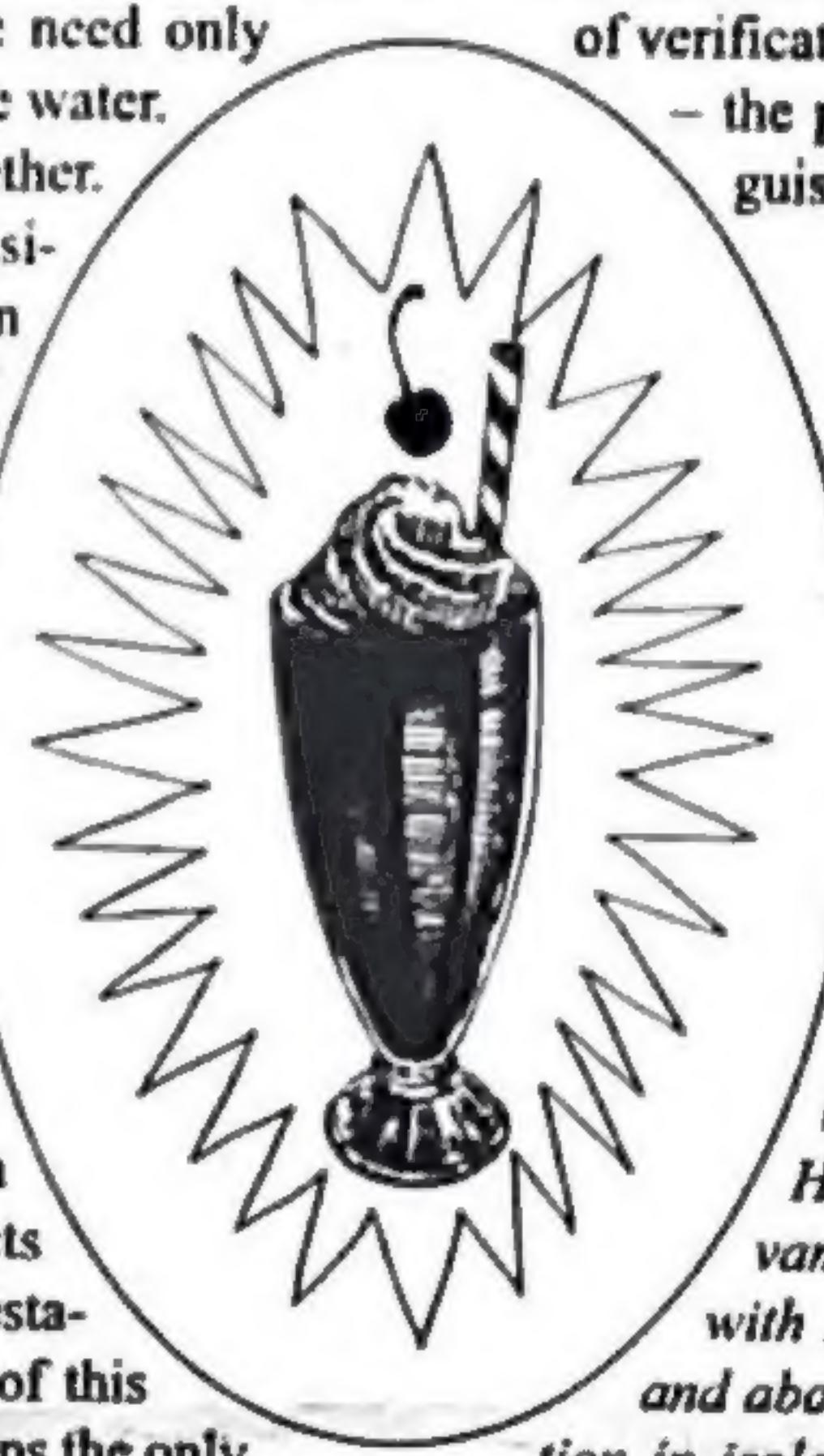
MIMING THE PIETIES OF THE HARMFUL, A PERFUNCTORY EXPIATION. AFTER ALL, TRUE EXPIATION NECESSITATES A TITHE OF SPIRIT. HOWEVER, SPIRIT IS ABSOLUTE IF ONLY MOMENTARY; A PARADOX, TO BE SURE ABSOLUTION CANNOT STEM FROM SUCH AN ABSOLUTE, QUITE THE OPPOSITE. THUS, IT IS IMPORTANT TO ALTER THE NATURE AND COMPOSITION OF A MOMENT. FOR, TO BE ABSOLUTE MEANS TO SEE ALL, BUT SEEING - AND BEING SEEN - ARE EMBLEMATIC OF A DECIDED FIXITY; AN ORACLE REQUIRES AN UNREMITTING POSITION FROM WHICH TO OBSERVE, WHILE THE OBSERVED MUST LIKEWISE BE CATEGORICALLY IMPOROUS. AN ORACLE MUST PERSONIFY A POPULAR DOGMA OF PROPERTIES - THE OMNISCIENCE THAT IS ALLEGED IS A TESTAMENT TO THE IGNORANT BENEFICENCE OF THE

C R O W D

BEFORE TIME - Let it be said that value has no existence outside of its circulation and verification. Circulation certainly has agency outside of the brains and emotions of humankind - to be certain of this we need only listen to the language of the wind or the water. But verification is another story altogether. Certitude calls to mind a kind of necessity; an OUGHT. But a true accord, an ETHOS, can only ever pull itself out of the muck by its own hair, as it were.

IF however, it is as the enlightened teach us, that the sound judgment undergirding an ethos can be expounded in aesthetic DEMONSTRATION; and IF such a demonstration can be substantiated as a WORK - sublated from all the intentions of the hands that wrought it, awaiting instead a heretofore unknown addressee; and IF such a manifestation simultaneously stems from yet contradicts convention; in short, IF such a manifestation can be termed ART, then because of this inheritance it constitutes a SIGN - perhaps the only true sign - of the ethical capacity of humankind. If this capacity is recognized, and if this recognition is circulated, then this - not gold, not utility, not quantity - is the true

lodestone of value: human CAPACITY-AS-VALUE. In the logic of the Enlightenment - of capital - it draws all value toward it. Value's precariousness is registered by the contingency of verification: outside of this process, ART is made ART - the priceless and worthless are rendered indistinguishable.



I DRINK YOUR MILKSHAKE

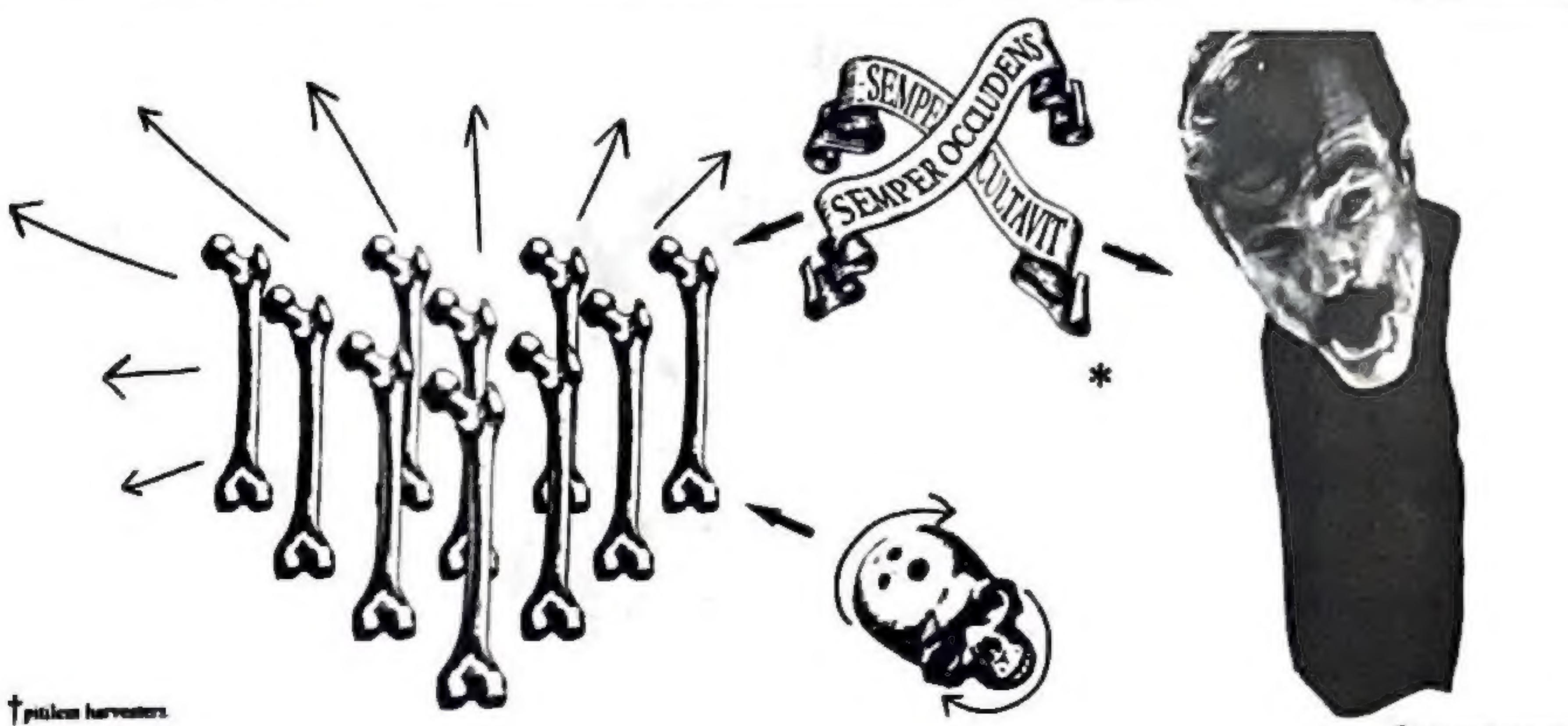
O commoners, see how this revolutionary power of circulation and verification - the power of human capacity-as-value - is diverted by those who, having been lucky, cunning, or brutal enough, seek to arrest what is communal without understanding that, with no flow, there is no existence. Hence, what remains in the footsteps of these vampires is nothing but ashes. And so it must be with ART; to foreclose upon what is processual and above all ETHICAL in the interest of preservation in isolation is decadent and depraved. Those who carry this out can bear but one name: PERVERT.



Cyclopean appropriation.

TODESTRIEB!

IN THE SOUP - There are many tendencies inherent to capital circulation, and the contradiction of monopoly formation and its concomitant stultification is perhaps the most telling with respect to the self-denying death drive of value formation for a people "enlightened" enough to apply deepening forms of ratiocination to every facet of society. Data sets do not and cannot verify ethical (aesthetic) rapture, and the interpretations of the "connoisseur class" can only go so far in suturing the expansion of value to its requirement for ethical verification. In short, the classic contradiction of the Master and Bondsman rears its head once more, but the exigencies of the pseudo-aesthetic pursuit of the ever-receding ideal of pure taste that is the sign of consumerism has served only to disaggregate and fully lumpenize communities into isolated markets-of-one. This marks the full consummation of the TODESTRIEB: the primordial buzzing of windowless monads, who might careen and jostle with each other but who may never truly intersect.



* police harvester
* always shot, always broken

DOGMA, TOO, IS BY DEFINITION RIGID AND ENDURING, AND FUNCTIONS BEST WHEN BARELY FELT - DEEP WITHIN THE BONES. THE FLESH MAY BE CUT, RENT, DISTURBED; OR MAY WASTE AWAY ALTOGETHER IN DECAY. BUT BONES CAN ENDURE, EVEN OSSIFY IN FORM, MOLECULE BY MOLECULE. CUTTING, RENDING, KILLING; SUCH ACTS ARE THOUGHT GERMANE TO THE PURPOSE OF A WEAPON, BUT THIS IS WRONG. THE TRUE PURPOSE OF A WEAPON IS TO ARREST THE MOVEMENT - THE AGENCY - OF AN ENEMY. BEHOLD OUR WEAPONS: CARVED FROM THE BONES OF

V I S I O N



Pseudo-Moneta

Quod ius cogeret auri sacra famae



OBLIVION UNBOUND

Metaphysics of Renewed Enclosure

AT THE RIVERFRONT - In his book *The Empire of Value*, economist André Orléan offers a trenchant critique of what he refers to as "substance-based" theories of value. These theories attempt to situate a source for value in qualities that reside either in commodities themselves, or in the human actions that produce commodities. In this sense, a source for value could be arguably compatible with a hypothesis of quantization, whereby value is coterminous with a property involved in some kind of interaction. Such a property could thus be measured and (implicitly) verified empirically. This is suggested in both the Labor Theory of Classical and/or Marxian economics as well as the later Neo-Classical assertion that value stems from a certain "chemistry" between scarcity and utility. While making no specific endorsement of historical materialism in *The Empire of Value*, Orléan nevertheless highlights what he views as Marx's key insight - his discussion of the fetish quality of commodities. This is namely the tendency for the material history and social milieu in which each commodity is embedded to be occluded in deference to a seemingly spontaneous appearance (Schein) of value that is mistakenly considered intrinsic. Substance-based theories, in attempting to regulate the schema under which a locus of value can be situated, thus obscure the necessarily social and metaphysical - read: fetishistic - aspects of value. Hence, to assert that value can be substantiated and verified extrinsically to social exchange is to undertake a political negotiation. The Marxian project was in part an attempt to re-situate the source of value - classically associated with the ingenuity and economy of the capitalist - instead with the efforts of the working class. Likewise, the assertions of the Neo-Classical school attempted to extirpate this position. However, regardless of one's political inclinations, substance-based theories of value, or so Orléan would seem to argue, function mainly to confound what might be the true scope of a critical political project. In other words, they present a case-in-point for the power of reification, preserving in an undead form the living "essence" of human interaction.

The confusion that necessarily accompanies assertions about value (under capitalism, at least) makes it notoriously difficult to trace how the exercise of power is fortified between the socio-ethical and the material-real. The regime of value as expressed by capital-in-circulation is ever beset with a fundamental anxiety. Such anxiety dogs the need for investment to be "realized" - in other words, to be recouped *plus more* - before being reintroduced into circulation to begin the process again. This drive for more is thus not a cycle in the sense of maintaining a balanced return, rather it is more accurately expressed vertically - as a spiral. Limits are anathema to the "structure" of capital, and as a dogma for the organization of political economy it must therefore dip its ladle into the flow

of the metaphysical to enlist the potential for infinity buried within human capacity for expression. Hence the anxiety: the processual verification of value can definitively locate no counterpart as externalized "matter" since the finite character of "the material world" forecloses the spiral of capital circulation. However, the fetishization that accompanies value along its "journey" goes a long way in obscuring its true role in social interaction: the expression of POWER. In this regard, in the "world" of finance (which has moreover been coupled indelibly with information and technology) has of late been engaged in a certain form of political retrenchment. Most recently, this has been expressed through the surfeit of liquid capital flooding the real-estate market, by which private equity is increasingly crowding out personal ownership of property - in effect, returns on highly speculative (fictitious) investment are "cashing-out" in exchange for a new enclosure over terra-firma.

As an exertion of power dynamics, this could be viewed as perhaps more "advanced" than the attempts of international monetary bodies to control (through debt) the access of so-called developing nations to the "forum" of international value and exchange. For the citizenry of "advanced" societies, it thus exacerbates a status of "clients" (or serfs) beholden to an expanded and institutionalized rentier framework. The real paradox of this tendency is to what extent the legitimacy of such "lordship" is necessarily coupled with and parasitic upon a legislative contract regime anchored in the nation state. Indeed, one is "aesthetically" discouraged from describing this interaction in class terms since the holders of property rights are corporate entities constituted through legal charter (thus anonymized to a certain extent). It is perhaps an understatement to assert the importance of cataloging and opposing the extent to which the (human) agents in leadership positions of these anonymous (private) entities simultaneously occupy positions of influence within "legitimate" state power. Further, the continued capacity of state power to regulate a monopoly of control over corporeal interaction and violence

remains a fraught topic, perhaps even more so given the amorphous representational aspects of the corporate "person" (in this regard, Sheldon Wolin's concept of inverted totalitarianism is quite instructive).

But these remarks are merely a lengthy preamble to outline what is at stake in the "reality" of metaphysics in shaping dispositions of power relations, and more importantly, the capacity to foresee the contours of how politics in the proper sense of the term can be expressed. Metaphysics are another form of the *pharmakon* - simultaneously salve and poison. Apparently, in the quest to quench one's thirst for meaning, it is all too easy to mistake Lethe for Mnemosyne - to sip from the river of oblivion while hoping desperately to remember.



"The right to compel the hunger for gold."

DEMIURGE BEHEADED!

Mere Ignorance Replaced by Insatiable Hunger.

BEFORE THE GIBBET - Catastrophe! Disaster! ... Opportunity? The Enlightened long ago declaimed the price of wisdom: it is only bestowed once the day's events have already passed. But this is not a tragedy! Especially not if the true task of wisdom is in preparing for an ACT to follow the REVELATION. So be it! If it is too great an embarrassment to realize that, for all this time, the malevolence that minted our comprehension of MATTER has long ago lost its head - or perhaps never suffered a head (or mind) to begin with - what of the greater humiliation of deporting ourselves in kind? To obviate complete destruction, we must cast aside this thrashing, coiling carcass, and hold ourselves, finally, to account. For when the mask has been lifted, can we feign surprise upon discovering there is nothing - was *never* anything - behind it? If so, our only legacy will be impudence, venality, and senselessness. It must be asked: though it is indeed dusk, what kind of night will we make of our end?

VIGOROUS LETHARGY

ON THE ROAD - With mounting alacrity, my forward momentum presages speed beyond thought. Despite my shriveling perceptions, my ardent conviction that this path holds the TRUTH of all MATTER compels my advance. I am no fool - the glittering plenty barely perceived at the brink of my fading sight ensures that all inspiration MUST emanate from the wake of my spiraling orbit. But god, my thirst. As with my hunger, it knows no satisfaction. Yet fate has bestowed upon my path the flow of a mighty river from which I might drink without pause. But what was its name....?

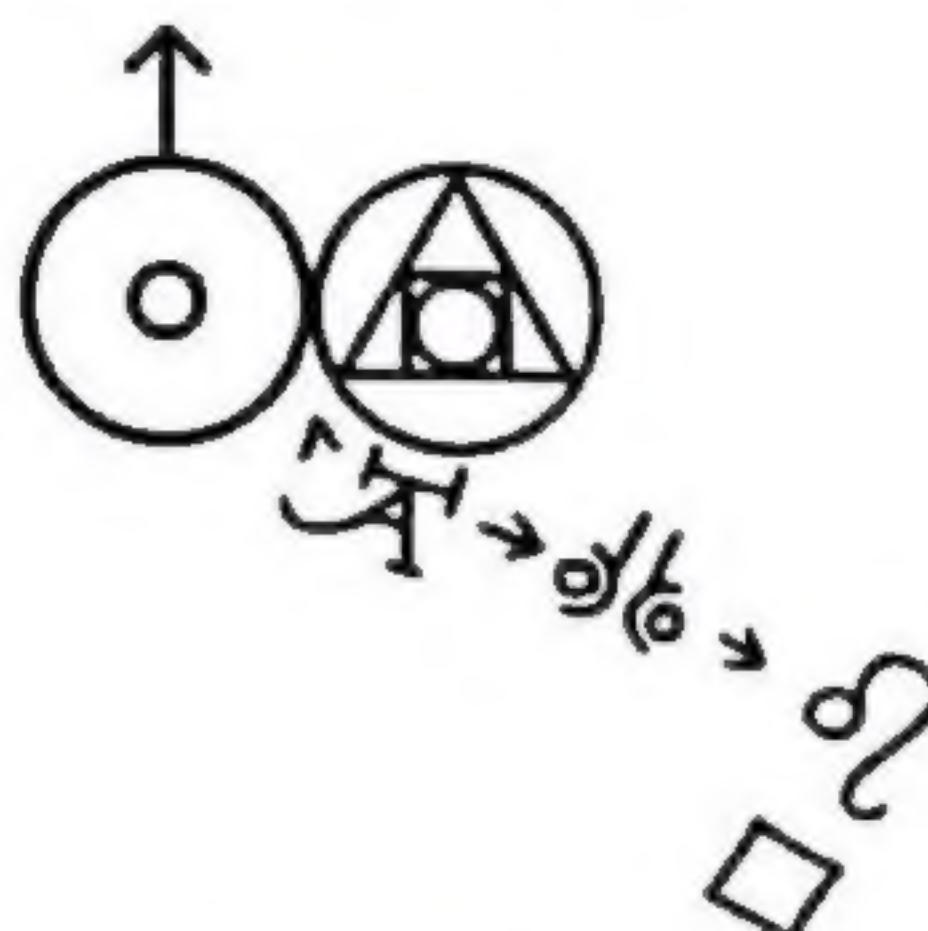


MONEY, MARKET REPORT:

EMPFANG ZUR BÖRSE - It's all fake. Maybe do something else with your time...? As an added note, while the famous phrase "Qui bono?" is overly reductive, it nevertheless always manages to provide an excellent platform from which to begin asking further questions.

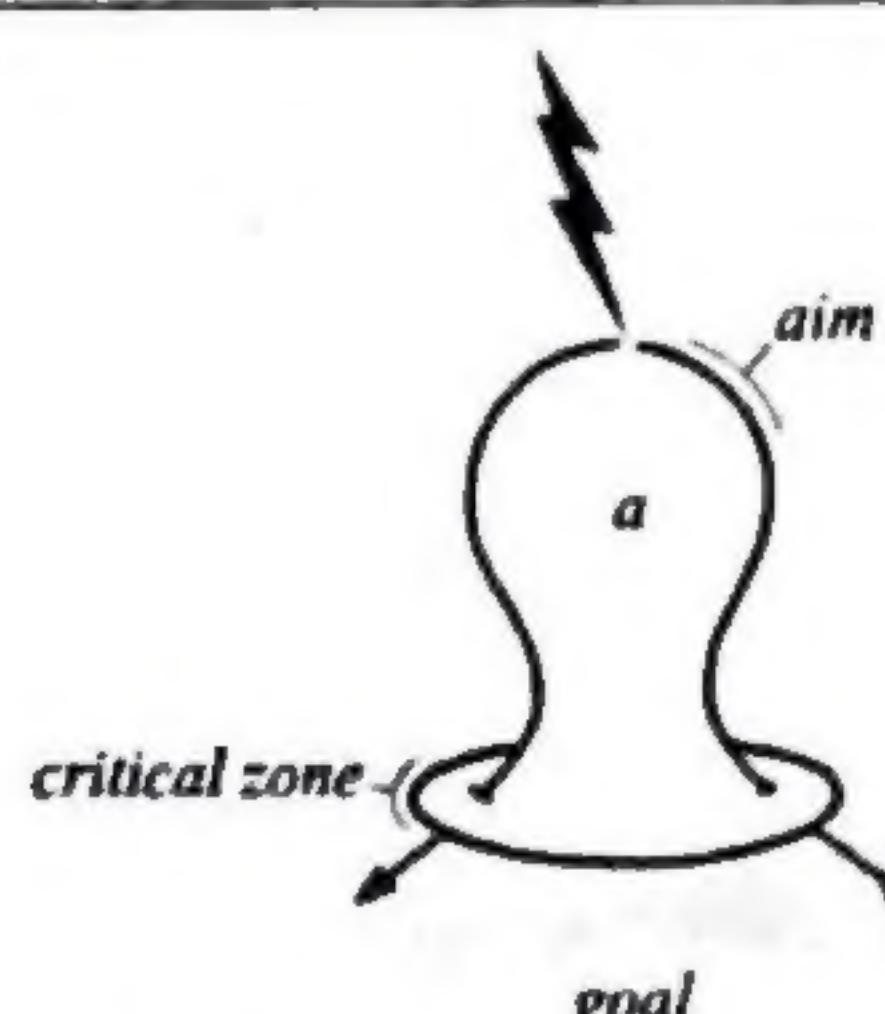
VULGAR ALCHEMICAL JOKE

Castration Anxiety Remains a Powerful Motivator.



IN BETWEEN - There is an uncomfortable tendency in critical thought that notions considered to be vulgar or stupid are invariably occluded in the bright light emitted by the "progress" towards which we yearnfully strive. In keeping with traditions that prefer the airing of such smelly laundry as opposed to hiding it away, this logo symbolizes those "dirty deeds" left unmentioned between one state of being and another. The image is based on the story of Kronos and the paranoia he felt over his prophesied usurpation at the hands of one of his male children; a prophesy that precipitated his devouring of them. Yet, like any true hypocrite, Kronos had done virtually the same thing to his father, Uranus. This logo alludes to that story, in which Kronos, at the urging of his mother, Gaia, severed the testicles of his father Uranus and flung them into the sea, where Uranus' semen foamed and birthed Aphrodite (at least, in one version of the myth), goddess of love and mother of Himeros and Eros. The logo suggests that in between Uranus and Quintessence, a forced act of abstraction (or the taking away) of the testicles (or at least, a suggested alchemical designation for them) resulted in a distillation into foam - or soap.

MUTANT PATH OF DESIRE



THIS IS THE WAY - This image is based on a variation of the Lacanian graph of desire used by Alenka Zupančič in her book *What is Sex?* It has been modified in that the path of desire is ruptured by a bolt of lightning - a "divine intervention" as it were - after it has first passed through the path (or plane) of signification, and before it passes through and is subsumed "beneath" signification a second time. The path/plane of signification has been renamed the "critical zone", in reference to the thin envelope of the Earth's biosphere within which all human activity, agency (and thus significance) has ever been registered. The rupture of the path of desire would be a "divine" interruption of a process that, philosophically speaking, can only be stopped with the end of being as such.

Saturn



MY GOD! MY GOD!

Recently Discovered Sceed Reveals Mindset Both Profligate and Degenerate.

FROM ON HIGH - According to several unnamed sources, a rare glimpse into the rationale of a power-elite that routinely behaves in a way that beggars belief for average citizens, was disclosed recently. Sources have not unanimously confirmed the provenance of the message, which was found either scribbled on a cocktail napkin or "written in the heavens". What has been confirmed, however, is the quality of enraptured delusion suffered by our betters. The message, a photo of which has been reprinted without permission, reads as follows:

"My god, my god! What god, beyond my apotheosis? When the becoming that is my due augurs that ALL becoming be abolished? What labor, my undeath! To chew and chew and chew - and swallow! - that same desiring, ay! - that warrant of alterity, outside of but THROUGH my vrey being! To swallow it whole because I must suffer that plenitude that marks the end of time itself!"

The pitiable state of mind attested to in the above remarks makes clear the mental and emotional duress suffered by the average billionaire, our sources say. It is thus the clear and humane duty of right-minded people to disabuse these poor creatures of the actual extent of their "body", a term that refers to the common wealth they have appropriated. According to experts, to "eat the rich" means in this

sense to disaggregate and redistribute the means of production and control over human capacity to far less deluded collectives.

My god, my god! What god, beyond my apotheosis? When the becoming that is my due augurs that ALL becoming be abolished? What labor, my undeath! To chew and chew and chew - and swallow! - that same desiring, ay! - that warrant of alterity, outside of but THROUGH my vrey being! To swallow it whole because I must suffer that plenitude that marks the end of time itself!

Above: a reproduction of a photostat of a recently disclosed sociopathic moronism.

commonly results in pathological sociopathic narcissism and delusions of grandeur.

Shockingly, there have been some who have asserted the radical idea that the editors of this very broadsheet have much in common with the sad, privileged idiot(s) responsible for this reprehensible drivel, and that those in the so-called "establishment media" in fact benefit from a status quo ante of neo-liberal pseudo-politics and influence lobbying. We denounce such claims in the strongest possible terms as the conspiracy mongering of petty, would-be activists burdened with the moral defeat of career failure. Since such careless hacks are destined for dead-end positions in the gig-economy, we kindly suggest they get their resumes in order and work on refining their skills in customer service rather than spreading malicious rumors.

DESIRE'S END

FROM THE LEADER'S LIPS - Our flaccid Godhead! The reticular redoubt of endless percolating meat. Totality is what we crave! Totality - that rudest and most amorphous of teloi. A voided inclination towards purpose hides beneath our crazed and desperate sycophancy. To be swallowed whole:

OH!

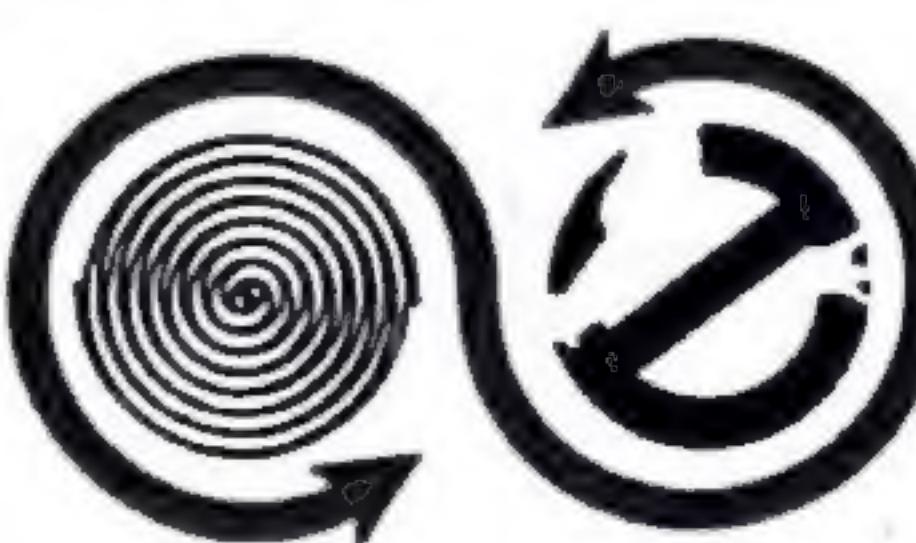
To be freed from the burden of reflection:

YES!

Truly, tyranny is the greatest of all freedoms, for it is the freedom from oneself.

THE CATEGORY (T)ERROR OF VALUE

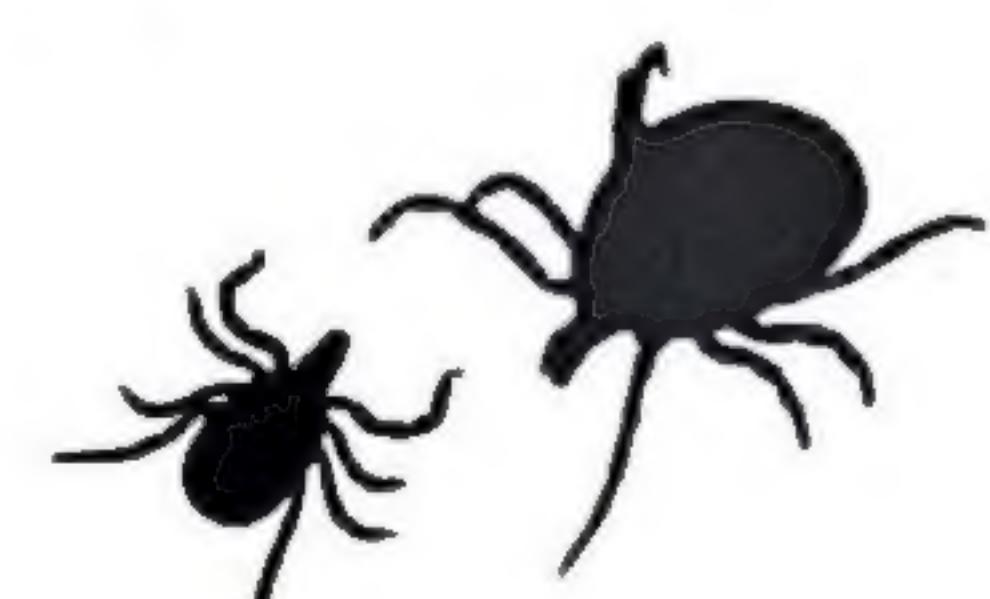
MARKET SQUARE(D) - The tendencies are at this point irrefutable: though our system of "culture" is based upon a necessary increase, the concept of infinity is and always has been metaphysically "easy" to imagine. Yet the material and historical repercussions of mistaking a multiplicity of potentialities with a structural necessity are dire indeed. If need is fundamentally reduced to *MORE-ALL*, THIS error, rather than illuminating, can only terrorize. The reification that results from this process is the ghost that must be exorcised to permit a renewed ETHOS. Value for value's sake truly has no character.



ABSOLUTE (NON)FUTURITY

A parasite that kills its host?

SOMEWHEN - It is an understatement to say that time is an unstable dimension. Its elasticity or sheer fabrication have bedeviled the origins and destinies of power ever since humankind began to collectivize at scale. Finitude and the meaning of individual being(s) have been especially disconcerting questions for the subject of Enlightenment in its quest to puncture the crass infinity of animalistic labor and to capitalize (no pun intended) on its species-being. Thus, time and its exigencies have, with the acceleration of technology, been grafted as an existential question upon the envelope of the critical zone of the planet itself - and to the many concomitant agencies (other than humankind) "held" therein. In this (new) paradigm, futurity and its metaphysics are averred to be a question of justice, and moreover, have been described as a "resource" as finite as any other substrate co-existing on this planet. While this is true - that there is a deficit of time - much behavior would indicate otherwise, and "we" hold (with a grip like rigor mortis) to representations and narratives that describe a permanence into which we hope to project a legacy. To some extent, this hope is demonstrated in the ethical disposition of some intelligent ideologies that the world (the critical zone of our being) is "on loan" to us from the future, from beings inhabiting this critical zone, in addition to any new or additional "envelopes" of which we cannot even conceive. Hence, the metaphysics of futurity can present to us an ethical disposition such that the coordination of activity might ameliorate or, yes, even transcend our current state. How does one describe this state? Parasitism doesn't quite fit because it is not in the interest of a parasite to kill its host, and even viral reproduction, through contagion and mutation, bases itself on the "infinity" of living being. It would seem that there might not be a proper name for this kind of insanity - and it remains to be seen whether such a pregnant absence in the field of the symbolic will be oddly present enough to elicit some invigoration among us to furnish a response to its address. As it stands, however, this address appears incommensurable and thus worthless. What's truly odd is that this inchoate worthlessness holds perhaps the most honest formulation of what we are.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

YELLING INTO THE VOID - Those earnest, angry, or perverse enough to cast their own worthless address at the feet of the purveyor of this dross may make the attempt by visiting the following url:

www.rollinbeamish.net/about